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evening — ce soir c'est la tuxedo. Ce n'est pas pour les autres que
l'on s'habille — c'est pour soi & so there you have it. I have
no plan to go anywhere and am expecting no one ce soir &
yet... Je me souviens de cette femme dans une des
biographies de Gertrude Stein que j'ai lues il y a quelques
ans qui s'est habillée very correctly and very formally
on Christmas morning even though she was living in a
farm house in the French Countryside and even though
she had no money and even though the Germans were
everywhere and even though she was expecting no one —
and yet... No woman's name is Mabel Dodge, I believe..
She was a true survivor. She knew secrets that are
unknown to la plupart des gens, bien sûr elle
savait des secrets. En tout cas, I decided and waited
up the hill that I would dress for the evening, and
so I have. The house is beautifully illuminated and there
is a ^{fire in the} fireplace in the front parlor and Symphony No. 1
of Johannes Brahms is everywhere in this beautiful
house, and I am seated in the Library, and I am
enjoying the solitude and the majesty of this
colonial residence. To take the chill out of the air
(does one really need an excuse) I am having a glass
of burgundy wine. Everyone should believe in some-
thing, and I believe I will have some more burgundy
and, at the same time, I will put on the taped
performance of Rachmaninoff's Piano Concerto No. 3
by Vladimir Horowitz — live at Carnegie Hall.
Voilà de retour. What a bizarre thing to do — to chronicle
one's life as one lives it. Whenever I do so, I always
work myself into an excellent mood. I am not sure how
to explain it but it's nevertheless true. The recording of
life becomes life. Where is the beginning and where is
the end and there is no beginning and there is no end.
Il n'y a que l'enregistrement. What one must do is
establish "parade harmonique". True.

Pier suit pendant son tour du chantier de travail / pendant
lui veut to the 3rd floor, Jean a dit que le frère de son
mère est à Carbondale ce week-end et que l'oncle